

CHRISTMAS ADVOCATE

1936

E. Eastman

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The Advocate



CHRISTMAS
1936



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THE NEEDHAM SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
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CHRISTMAS ISSUE, 1936

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High School

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Editorials

Nearly Half

John Notman, '37

To many of you who read this issue of *The Advocate*, it may not bring any particular recollections. To others, it may bring memories of past issues; that is, issues which have been published during the past year or two. Looking through names and pictures in the book, you may say to yourself, "Oh, I knew his brother," or "I knew his sister." "He was here a long time ago — it must have been in 1932." 1932 — long time ago, huh?

Well, listen to this. *The Advocate* has been published for forty-six years, and we are now in the ninety-fourth issue. Think of it — almost half a century!

Forty-seven years is a long time, and much has changed since the first issue of *The Advocate* went to press. We have improved — at least we hope we have. We have put out larger and larger issues. We have become more discriminating in the choice of material for a magazine whose high standard must be maintained. And such discrimination is the only method by which we can successfully hold our place. Such methods have kept *The Advocate* on its feet down through the years.

"Down through the years;" — we are proud of that expression. Proud to have almost half a century of success behind us, proud to have such a high standard to live and work up to; proud of its growth in the past, and in the present.

And it is not going to stop succeeding, stop having a high standard, nor stop growing! *The Advocate* is off to a new year, with a new staff — and old traditions.

We hope you like it!

Christmas

Mary C. O'Connor, '37

The climax in the year of 1936 will soon have arrived. The happiest and most joyful of all holidays — Christmas — is being antici-

pated by millions of people all over the world. Celebrations will vary — from the plum pudding Yuletide of England to the brilliant fireworks of Spain and Italy — and no matter where it will be, the same underlying spirit will prevail in all countries.

Christmas, as does no other holiday, inspires everyone with a spirit of joy. Almost every person does his utmost to spread some degree of happiness, and to go out of his way to help someone less fortunate than himself. But there are some who merely follow the crowd and give as a matter of custom, rather than as an expression of their own hearts.

So often, the very elaborate gift misses its mark, and is soon placed in a collection with "just some other things." But it is the gift which radiates a personality, which reflects some of the spirit and ideas of the giver, which is placed in an imaginary niche a little bit higher, or in a more prominent position than the others.

Often, it is the spontaneous card from a thoughtful friend which means more than the costly gift which someone felt *had* to be given.

And, after all, what is Christmas? It is the birthday of Christ — the birthday which symbolizes love and charity, and everything we give or do on that day should have underlying it these two ideals.

Modern Languages

Lillian Wood, '37

The study of modern languages is always interesting to high school pupils, although they may not expect to devote this knowledge to a particular purpose. Through the elective system our school offers French, German, and Latin. Since the practical use of these languages is limited to a few occupations, their chief value to the pupil is in giving him a cultural background. A knowledge of Spanish, also, would be a valuable and practical asset for a commercial student.

To carry on trade with other countries, one must be familiar with the language of the country. Spanish is essential for the young man who intends to engage in the importing and exporting business with the South American countries, where it is the official language.

As the trade of South America is important to us, it is increasingly necessary for our young people to learn the language of that continent. Today we send carloads of Spanish textbooks from Boston to the Latin American countries. Spanish would be quite necessary for the position of a proofreader or typesetter in this phase of publishing.

Boston's United Fruit Company owns vast plantations in these countries. They have built towns and homes for thousands of workers. Bananas, sugar, and tropical products are carried from ports in South America to our large cities. This business involves a large number of employees who have to be acquainted with the language of Latin America. It offers many opportunities to people who have a knowledge of Spanish.

South America also has important oil fields, nitrates, and other valuable products. Europe is wide awake to the value of trade with these countries. It is time we realized that anything that will encourage friendly relations and help to draw the trade to us is important. The study of Spanish will help this. This is just one example of the value that the study of a foreign language may have for us in obtaining a position and in furthering understanding and peace.

World Peace

Quentin Gulliver, '37

Now that the World Series has stored itself for another season, and the election is over, America looks to Europe for its leading news columns. Americans have seen only dabs of information of this sort written between pages of baseball scores and election prospects. Now the space has widened and we find ourselves wondering about the outcome of the Spanish

Civil War, of conditions in Austria since Dollfuss was assassinated and Schuschnigg modestly proclaimed himself dictator. What is there behind the proposed good terms of the two leading dictatorships in Europe, Germany and Italy? These things I cannot fully answer. But for the answer I will substitute another question. What is happening, during this time, to the ideal of most patriots, World Peace? Peace is that vision out ahead that can abolish economic difficulties, put warfare "out of business," and make all nations a fine and prosperous place in which to live. Will there ever be peace among foreign nations while there is strife and friction at home? The answer is definitely no! We, the future Congressmen, lawyers, doctors, and business men will undertake a great responsibility before many years. What our fathers and mothers are doing now is but the foundation of the tasks set before us. Education, intelligence, political enlightenment, and the development of national honor should lead to a more perfect democracy and to the success of the most important issue of international relationships, World Peace.

We can profit by Experience. Our experience? No. By the experience of our forefathers; by the authentic and vivid accounts of the horrors of war. No one wants war. We can abolish it forever, and establish international tranquillity, but we must believe in the success of World Peace, now!

N. H. S. Ski Club

This year we want to enlarge the ski club and organize it as a regular school sport. A ski-jump for the use of the club is now being built, and competition is in order with other schools. So let's have a lot of fellows out this year, especially Sophomores and Juniors. Any member of last year's team will be glad to give advice as to what equipment is necessary. It looks like a good winter ahead, so let's have a ski team that will speak for itself.

LITERARY



An Amateur

Kathryn Howland, '37

It was a fresh spring day, and Mr. Pratt was busy plowing the new green grass under and turning up the rich, damp soil. The sun shone down and brought beads of perspiration to his brow. His large, calloused hands gripped the plow handles; and the reins that directed the old plow horse were around his wrinkled, leathery neck.

Suddenly he stopped his horse and stared toward a large, red barn from which the mellow tones of a tenor voice were issuing.

"Stop that yellin' and git to work in there," he bellowed so that it seemed to ring through the day.

The song immediately stopped; and Mr. Pratt, evidently satisfied, went on with his work.

A bell was heard ringing from the little, white farmhouse in the distance. A tall, wiry woman with gray hair drawn severely to a pug in the back of her neck stood in the doorway vigorously shaking a cowbell.

On hearing it, Mr. Pratt unhitched the tired horse and, leading him, walked toward the barn. As he was entering it, he met a tall, blonde youth of about twenty years of age coming out. They passed each other without exchanging a word.

Later, while Mr. Pratt was eating his dinner, the boy interrupted the silence.

"Pa, I've made up my mind. I'm goin' to New York and git on that Colonel Tye's amateur program."

Pa slowly set his fork on his plate and gradually brought his cold, gray eyes to rest on those so much like his own.

"I thought we had threshed that all out once before, Buster. I say now and it's fer the last time, if you ain't satisfied to work here on the farm and stop dreamin' about that voice of your'n, you kin git out and do what you like, but if you do, you needn't come back here." He drew a deep breath as though that speech had been too much for him.

"Now, Hiram, don't be so hard on the boy. Why don't you let him try it? It can't —"

"Jennie, you keep out of this. I'll handle it my own way. I know what I'm adoin'," interrupted the steel voice, and Jennie withdrew into her shell.

For the elder Mr. Pratt, the matter was settled; but for the younger, it was only begun.

All that summer Buster worked hard helping his father with the farmwork. Mr. Pratt was quite pleased with himself. He thought that Buster had given up his idea. Little did he know that hidden away in Buster's best pants pocket was a mysterious, yellow envelope which would change all his plans.

What the envelope contained was soon to be revealed, for one morning Buster did not appear to help his father with the early milking.

Mr. Pratt had decided not to be too hard on him and had not called him. But when he entered the kitchen for breakfast, Buster was not there.

"Where is the boy?" he inquired of Ma, perhaps with a little anxiety.

"He left fer New York last night," Ma announced simply.

"Wha— at?" roared Pa, and then he set his jaw and did not utter another word throughout the meal.

A week passed and, as far as Pa knew, Buster had not been heard from. If he were a little ill-at-ease, he never showed it. Since that exclamation, the matter had not been mentioned.

The next Sunday night at eight o'clock, Ma switched the radio to Colonel Tye's amateur

hour; and to her surprise, Pa, though he was reading, made no objection.

First, a whistler was introduced. Poor Ma was worried for fear that Pa would order the program changed, but he was apparently absorbed in his reading. The program continued with one amateur after another.

"What has happened to Buster?" she asked herself over and over again.

Then Colonel Tye's voice came from the loud speaker, "The next amateur that we have tonight is a handsome tenor from Maine—Mr. Pratt."

Buster's soft voice filled the room as it had so many times before. Large tears rolled slowly down Ma's wrinkled cheeks, and Pa sat quietly in his chair, his book forgotten.

When the song was finished, applause roared through the room, Buster was a success.

Ma was startled to her senses by the sound of Mr. Pratt's voice at the telephone. She heard him saying, "Just put in it, 'Congratulations from Ma and Pa.' "

Tomboy

Eleanor Eastman, '37

"Hi, Sis!" Gerry Fisher dashed into the living room, pulled off her sweatshirt with an impatient tug, dropped onto the sofa, and ran a grimy hand through her tangled hair.

"Geraldine!" cried her sister in a shocked voice. "Can't you enter the room more like a human being of fifteen than a young tigress? Look at your sweater lying there in a heap and how you are sitting. Don't you have any pride?"

"If you call having pride, putting curls in your hair that were never meant to be there, walking on heels that look like teeter-totters, and wearing lace and frills instead of decent clothes, No! I haven't a bit." With a violent frown Gerry turned and glowered at her sister. "Huh, that wave you've got would make even a hairpin sick, and your hands are so soft and

white they look like — like those scallops we had for supper last night. And your eyebrows look like Chinese bridges." Here she drew hers together in a deep scowl, then held up two hard, brown paws which showed the result of many hours in the open.

"Why, Geraldine!" her lovely sister gasped. "How dare you say such things? I'm sure you would be much more popular if you were lady-like rather than the tomboy you are."

"Phooey!" muttered Gerry; then pushing with all her might on the seat she pushed herself up over the arm of the sofa and slid down to the floor. Grabbing her tam from the back of a chair, she started to stride from the room with the lace doily from the sofa arm caught on her dragging shoe lace, when she was halted suddenly by an excited, "Wait!" from her sister.

"I'm having company tonight, and won't _____"

"Gee Whillikens, you'd think that old Pete Larson was somebody, the way you've been carrying on about him. Bet he's got pimples big as mole hills and can hit a tennis ball about as well as— as that cat there can hit that ball." With this last remark she waved a deprecating hand at a tiny gray kitten, playing with a ball of red yarn. "As for me acting sissified in his honor, phooey on it. If I'm not good enough as I am it's just too bad. Sooooo, you'd better just go twitter up and powder your nose and forget all about dear little sister."

"Oh, Geraldine," sighed her older sister, "Won't you ever grow up?" And with this parting thrust Gwendolyn strutted from the room.

"Of all the nutty ideas," Gerry muttered, throwing a quarter in the air and catching it, "my being a sweet little girl is the nuttiest."

Suddenly the telephone gave a sharp peal. With two strides Gerry reached the 'phone, picked up the receiver and muttered, "'Lo . . . Who? . . . Oh yuh, Pete Larson, huh? . . . Who'm I? Just Gwen's sister." Suddenly Gerry's eyes parted, an elfish grin lit up her face, and trembling with excitement, she continued in a sugary sweet voice, "Yes, I'm Gwen's sister, Geraldine. I've heard so much about you. You must be as handsome as Robert Taylor, and you sound like Nelson Eddy. I bet you dress like William Powell, too. I'm just dying to meet you. What? . . . Oh yeah, I mean of course I'll be here this evening . . . Oh . . . Thank you . . . Goodbye."

"Geraldine! Who was that?" Her sister's voice brought Gerry's thoughts back to 49 Terrace Road and she bellowed, "Just one of the guys. He is a guy," she consoled herself.

At seven-thirty that evening Pete Larson arrived. From then until eight, he and Gwen sat in the living room. Gwen did all the talk-

ing, while Pete seemed rather obviously on edge. Suddenly he blurted out, "I say, where is your sister?"

Gwen's blank look gave her amazement away. "My sister?" she asked, incredulously. "I'm sure I don't know. Do you know her?"

"No, but I er as —" Pete's confusion was cut short by a sedate "Ahem" from the doorway.

Pete sprang up and strode over to take Gerry's hand. "This must be Geraldine," he purred. "You are beautiful. How have you kept such a lovely sister concealed, Gwen?" he inquired.

"Why — why I don't know," stammered poor Gwen; "I'm sure I don't."

With the elfish look still in her eyes, Gerry, a new Gerry, sailed into the room. "This dress sure rustles," she thought to herself, "and these high-heeled shoes feel like sam hill." Aloud she smiled, "Thank you, I have always been rather proud of my hair." Inwardly she was muttering, "Proud, my eye. When I think of the number of places I burned with that iron on my head I could scream. And that nail polish looks like sixty."

"Why, sis!" Gerry spoke softly, "don't you feel well? You look so white, do let me help you."

Was it Gwen's imagination, or was there a jeer in her sister's voice? Poor Gwen's head was whirling. She sat on the sofa, forgotten and dejected, while her Sister and Pete chatted on. At times the fog in her muddled brain lifted and she caught snatches of conversation.

"Thank you, Pete, I have always worn blue dresses."

". . . Oh, I don't think so. No one else ever seemed to think they were very pretty."

Suddenly she was shaken into reality by Gerry's cheery voice, "Come on, Sis, buck up, Pete's going now."

Gwen bucked herself up by treating her dear sister to a look which Gerry would have called "dirty." That idea didn't succeed, because Gerry cheerfully ignored it, and Pete saw it. He couldn't understand these two sisters. Gwen had seemed so sweet, and yet she had sulked over something all evening and now she was making faces! But then, this Geraldine seemed very nice, just the kind of sweet, lady-like girl he liked.

Gerry was feeling fine. Pete had fallen, hook, line, and sinker. And poor Gwen was getting a taste of her own medicine.

Pete rose, held out his hand to Gwen, and thanked her for inviting him to her home. Then, after Gwen had left the room in hurt silence, he looked deep into Gerry's eyes and sighed, "Goodbye, Gerry. You have made this a most enjoyable evening. I should like to repay you. Won't you dine with me tomorrow night at the 'Silver Swan?'"

Gerry, reflecting to herself how much like a cow's his eyes were, choked an impulse to giggle. Swiftly she thought the situation over. Would it be carrying the farce too far to accept? It would be grand to see what it was like to dine out. She'd show that catty James girl she wasn't a back number, but still . . . what would the gang think?

Suddenly she heard herself saying, "I'd love to. I'll be ready at seven. Thank you for inviting me."

After a few more remarks, Pete took his leave.

Gwen didn't speak to Gerry that evening. Gerry didn't speak to Gwen. Late that night a passerby might have seen a light burning in two of the windows in the Fisher home. Gerry was beginning to have a queer, uncomfortable,

feeling that she was being a bit hard on her sister. Gwen was beginning to have the feeling that she had been a bit of what Gerry called a "prissy." The next morning, however, the girls had forgotten their qualms, and each avoided the other.

Evening came, and with it Pete. As Gerry tripped into the room she gazed on him with disgust. A cow, that's what he was, a sick cow. "Wonder if he'll start mooing?" she reflected with alarm. Pete hovered about her anxiously.

Just as they started out, the 'phone rang. Gerry in her high heels and long dress (or should we say her sister's high heels and long dress?) dashed to answer it. With a great deal of clatter she took off the receiver.

"Hello. . . . Huh? . . . This is me. . . . Whaat. . . . Oh geegosh you don't mean it? . . . Will I? Wild horses couldn't keep me away. Hold everything. . . . Yup. . . . G'bye."

As she turned away, Pete's amazed face caused her to blurt out, "Sorry Pete! I've got things to do." One shoe came off. "Gotta go play basketball." Another shoe came off. "If I play, I'm on the varsity," and Gerry hiked up her dress and shouted over her shoulder, "S'long."

* * *

"Hi Sis! Well, d'ja have a good time last night? Pete's right up your alley, isn't he? We won the ball game last p. m. Say, speakin' of alleys I've promised Jean I'd go bowling with her this morning. See you later."

"Geral—" Gwen checked herself, and with a shrug of her shoulders picked up Gerry's sweatshirt and tam and put them away.

A Code in the Head

Walter Chase, '38

Having become an addict of amateur radio, scraped together all my spare alms, and bought a fairly good short-wave receiver, I set about to try to learn the International Code. This unpleasant task is necessary if one intends to pass the Federal Communications Commission exam and acquire an amateur license. Of course, a working knowledge of short-wave equipment, theoretical and practical, is also needed, but rather a thousand questions on transmitter operation than one four-minute message of code at thirteen words per minute!

Enthusiastically I renovated an ancient solid mahogany desk. This done, the walls of my bedroom were papered with maps, data, and pictures to lend much-needed atmosphere. Current copies of QST and The Radio Amateur's Handbook, the New and Old Testaments of "ham" radio respectively, languished on the desk. In the drawers rested wire-cutters, extra coils, map-markers and other sundry articles. Wire was everywhere. Finally, the receiver was placed in a position both out of the way and convenient. A goodly supply of scratch paper was secured, and I was ready to try my hand at this thing called code.

With shaking hand I turned on the power and twisted the dial. Almost instantly my ear-drums were split by the throaty signals of a commercial which proved to be OXR in Denmark. (The city I can't pronounce.) Whoops! I was really getting somewhere! Next I was lucky enough to get another commercial—SUW in Cairo, Egypt. And so on until I had heard commercial stations in Cuba, Brazil, Samoa, England, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, and Argentina.

Tiring of this, I turned my attention to the amateurs. After all, if I intended to become one of them why not become acquainted with some of them, while also getting the

needed practice? The first message I intercepted ran something like this:

"PK1 — PK1 — de W8 — W8 — r r all ok om BT wx hr cld es cldy BT srry om but i have a date with sum other hams in this nayborhud to go gunning fer moose in VE woods es we r to start in hlf hour BT so i must qrt i spose altho i have enjoyed this fb qso a lot BT hpe to be able to hook u agn om soon BT wll cul om PK1 — PK1 — de W8 — W8 — sk sk 88 om."

Translated into everyday language:—A station in the eighth call district in America was in contact with a fellow "ham" in Banoeng, Java, and was telling him that the last transmission had been received "all ok." The weather at the time was cold and cloudy. He was sorry but he had a date with some "hams" in his neighborhood to go gunning for moose in the Canadian woods and since they were to leave in half an hour he would have to close down the station although he had enjoyed the contact very much. He hoped to be able to "hook" him again in the near future.

Of course, it would have been more interesting if I had been able to get the previous transmissions, but as luck was against me I got only the last one. (BT is an abbreviation used to separate different parts of the message.)

And so it goes. While getting code practice, I get the thrill of hearing the faint signals of some low-powered distant station or eavesdropping on stations nearer home. Canadians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, New Zealanders, and Australians are brought within the confines of my humble shack. Night and day I hear "dah-dit-dah-dit dah-dah-dit-dah dah-dit-dit-dit dah-dah-dit-dit dit-dah-dit-dit" etc., even when not listening actually to the receiver. But I am making progress, and that is something. This is measured by the number of little white markers on the map of the world above the

desk. By now they cover four of the six continents of the globe — Asia and Africa not being represented as yet.

So, my good readers, if you happen to catch the author with a blank look on his face and staring out of the window, please don't form

an opinion too quickly. He's probably hearing a Chinese amateur station pounding its signals through the receiver of his imagination. And remember, dear readers, he can not help himself. 'Tis a powerful disease he has, but one he is glad he has contracted!

Scoop on Scoop

Joseph F. Dineen, '38

Dan Burns, youthful linotype operator and general handyman of the Denley Times, skillfully tapped the keys on the board confronting him. Dan Burns, like hundreds of other boys who had obtained a position on a small paper such as the Times, was waiting for his "big break."

Fitzsimons, owner and editor of the paper, strolled into the room and said, "So sorry I was late with that copy, Dan, but this blizzard has slowed everything."

"Oh, that's all right; I'll be through in a short while," replied Dan.

"I'm goin' home. Lock up, will you?" said Fitzsimons.

"Sure thing," muttered Dan. "Good night, Chief."

For half an hour he worked steadily and then he arose, walked around the linotype to get the kinks from his long legs. Another hour and he would have the copy for the Denley Times in type.

Dan, who was just eighteen and a senior in the Denley High School, was tall for his age, stood six feet one in stocking feet, and tipped the scales at one hundred and sixty-eight. His hair which was never combed, was a light brown, and his eyes sparkled the same color. His features were pleasant and his mouth turned up at the corners with the effect of a good-natured grin.

In his first year on the paper Dan had mastered the operation of the linotype. Also, after school hours he covered minor news items such as high school sports, real estate, and covered meetings of the farmers in the section.

The Milltown Daily Courier ace-reporter, John "Scoop" Brinke, had always chided Dan because the Times had not beaten the Daily Courier on a big story in ten years. It had always been Dan's ambition that he would some day scoop the "great Scoop." It would really be a feather in the cap of a small weekly paper like the Times to beat a large concern like the Milltown Courier, which was a member of the A. P. Dan had taken an immediate dislike to the short, fat, beady-eyed Brinke from the first time they met. Brinke had the reputation of being a poor sport when it came to losing a story, and it was rumored that he bought some of them.

Dan snapped off a light in the rear of the building and turned around just as the door opened, and in stepped "Old Mike" Rooney, the town's night watchman.

"Hi, Mike," yelled Dan, "How goes the battle?"

"Gosh, Dan, it's the worst blizzard I've seed in all my born days. It's a nivir goin' t' stop. I hope thar's no trouble tonight," drawled "Old Mike" in his best Irish brogue. "The snowplows are all stuck or can't get through."

"Oh, I don't think there's any danger of anything poppin' off tonight," replied Dan, "but if anything does, let me know, Mike."

"O. K.," said Mike as he again went out into the raging storm.

Dan finished his work at the linotype and finished up on proof reading. He then went into the office, looked up at the clock and whistled, then muttered, "Two o'clock and I've home work to do yet."

He struggled into his heavy outer garments, and as he was locking the office, the night silence was pierced by the fire alarm and shrieking of sirens as the Denley fire department sped by.

Dan ran after the trucks, waving his arms like a mad-man, but was not seen. After the trucks had rounded a corner, Dan stopped and scanned the sky. "Well," mused Dan, "guess the fire is in open country. It certainly ain't in Denley."

It was useless to pursue the engines; so he trudged back toward the Times. He spied a limping figure in the distance and, recognizing it as "Mike," ran up to see him.

Mike was all out of breath, but gasped to Dan, "T' whole town of Weston is goin' to the devil, and this blizzard is fannin' it so's it can't be stopped by nuthin'. I wuz over t' the office, but I guess I jist missed ya."

Without a word Dan grabbed the watchman by the arm and they hurried to the telephone office.

Inquiring about the fire, he was told by an operator that the Denley fire-apparatus could not get through the snow-drifted roads.

"The chief is going to send over dynamite by train to check the fire," said the operator.

Dan rushed from the telephone exchange to the small railway station of the town and, after a talk with Chief Bates, secured a position on the engine.

He then ran to the telephone exchange and called the A. P. at Milltown and described what he knew of the fire.

"Better get out there, kid; we'll need that story," said the night editor of the A. P.

"I am practically there now," said Dan. "I got a seat on the train bringing dynamite."

"Atta boy," snapped the editor as he slammed down the phone.

As the train got under way, Dan glanced out of the window and saw a fat figure, wabbling along in the distance. He smiled, because he knew it to be none other than "Scoop" Brinke.

It took the train only thirty-five minutes to reach the doomed town of Weston, as it hustled down the rails at seventy miles per hour.

Willing hands unloaded the explosives, and firemen took charge of them. While the fire-fighters were setting up the dynamite, Dan hurried around to the different scenes of the fire, making estimates of building losses, the horrors of fire, watching courageous firemen save lives and property, and giving his assistance where it was needed.

While helping a doctor move his patients from the danger of the fire, he learned of the heroism of a girl operator. "The person that has saved our town, through her great courage, is the telephone operator," stated the doctor. "It was she who phoned all the surrounding towns and asked for dynamite to check the fire. She stayed at her post calling for assistance until the room was in flames. Trapped by the fire, her only exit was to jump from the second story window. In jumping, she broke both of her arms. If there is any credit to be given, she's the one to receive it." After his brief talk with Dan the doctor hurried on to his patients.

Outside of the doctor's office Dan met Chief Bates.

"Under control now, Chief?" asked Dan.

"Yeah, that dynamite checked it," replied the fire official. "We're goin' back to Denley on the train; would ya like to come along? There's nuthin' left but clean-up work."

"Thanks a lot, Chief, I guess I will."

On the way back to Denley, Chief Bates gave Dan all the information he wished.

When Dan stepped from the train, the clock in the old town hall rang out five strokes. He then hurried to the Times office. Being pressed for time he wrote his story on the linotype instead of on a typewriter. The story seemingly wrote itself, as Dan did not hesitate for one moment. When he was through Dan set up the story for the morning edition

while the lead was still hot. He then hurried to the phone and telephoned his story from his proofs to the A. P.

The editor at the A. P. snapped, "That's the boy; this is a humdinger. I'll see that you're fixed up for this. We need more men like you."

A few moments after Dan had hung up, in stalked "Scoop" Brinke. "Lissen, Dan, you and me have always been good friends; how about a break on that story?"

"Scram," murmured Dan; "you annoy me."

"I'll give ya seventy-five semolions," implored "Scoop."

Dan's eyes flashed, "Get out before I lose my temper."

"I'll make it a hun—"

The great "Scoop" never finished as Dan's

big fist crashed into his putty-like face. "Now get out," shouted Dan.

Brinke picked himself from the floor and stumbled out the door without another word.

A few weeks later Dan received a fat letter with the letterhead of the Associated Press on it. He hastily tore it open and a check slipped out and fell on the desk. He knew that the check was a bonus for covering the fire at Weston, but he was really interested in the contents of the letter. The letter stated that if he thought he would like to work for the A. P. he should come to Milltown after his school year was over. In the letter the A. P. promised also that he could continue his studies if he wished at Columbia University School of Journalism, with all expenses paid.

Dan hurried home that night cheerfully whistling, "No regrets."

Figurative Fancies from English IV-A

Life is like the flight of a butterfly, not smooth and serene as that of a bird, but uneven, hesitating, and jerky.

The setting sun mixed his colors with skill and daubed the sky.

Some lives are like sky rockets, shooting high quickly in a blaze of glory, and leaving people to stand in awe; then just as quickly dropping silently down again, forgotten.

The whirling lights of the city reminded him of the phosphorescent sparkle left in the wake of a moving boat.

His life was as carefree as the leaves drifting through the autumn air.

Her words were as bitter as a winter wind.

Life is like skiing down an unknown trail. It's thrilling, and no one knows what's around the next corner, or when it ends.

The sun sank slowly in a blaze of color, like a painted galleon vanishing over the horizon.

She wore a luke-warm smile; yet tiny icicles stared at me from her eyes.

Life is like the weather — now stormy, now calm, ever changing, always uncertain.

His joy left him breathless, as from a plunge into an icy wave.

We reach out to the pleasant smile as small, green plants reach out for the warmth of the sun.

The bleeding sun stumbled below the horizon, closely pursued by the black dogs of the night.

The sun balanced on the horizon like a red-hot coin undecided as to which way to roll, then melted into the ground.

At the Brow of the Hill

Ruth Pearre, '37

Dan, the mail man, in his model T truck jolted up the little side road to the last house on his Rural Free Delivery route. Dan had been the mail man on this route for nearly thirty years. He had known a time when there were many more houses on his route. That was when the chair factory on Mill Brook was still running. Now the houses from which children had skipped to get the family mail were crumbling masses of timber and the remains of the mill had long ago been washed away by the spring floods. Only one house of the once busy village was occupied, and it was toward this house that Dan was now heading.

"Soon," Dan mused, "I suppose Sarah will go, and then ——" he paused as a new thought struck him. "Let me see . . . This is the second anniversary of old Ed Sloan's passin'! I suppose Sarah will be even quieter than she usually is. Sakes alive! I never heard tell of a queerer body than she is. Here she knew Ed was going to pass on and had even told me that after he had gone she would be able to visit her daughters for a spell. He weren't ever extra good to her, anyhow. She always had to work hard with her five girls and all the farm animals. Now the children are all married and she has nothin' ter do, she could visit around with all her friends, but instead she mopes around and feels abused. She were always a spry, cheerful little body too . . ."

With these thoughts Dan had reached Sarah's house. It stood on the brow of a hill in an open field. The location commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding rugged Vermont mountains. The house, a weather-stained Cape Cod cottage, looked solid and comfortable. Now a small wiry woman came out of the house. As she stood on the porch, she looked as firmly planted as the old, gnarled oak in the front yard. She smiled wanly as she recognized Dan. He was about to put the

mail and a loaf of bread in the letter box, but when he saw her he went over to pass the time of day with her.

"Hello, Dan," she began, and by the tone of her voice Dan knew she was in a melancholy mood. "It seems so good to see someone. None of the girls have been up. You'd think they would come up when this is the day their father —" she stopped, her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered.

Dan shifted his weight awkwardly. He knew he must say something, but he did not for the life of him know what. "Er — I, that is to say, Emily is busy with her new baby and I have no doubt that she has been thinkin' of you and her father all day, and the same probably goes fer the rest of 'em, Sarah. Now, I wouldn't fuss," he stammered, rushing on with new words to cover any bad breaks he might have made.

"I know," she agreed. "If only I had somethin' ter do, Dan, but since Ed left me and they sold the livestock I have nothin' ter do. You know how hard I uster work — if only I had somethin' ter do!" she again said desperately.

With a few more comforting words Dan left her and continued on his route.

The sun was nearly setting when another car drove up the road and stopped in front of the little cottage.

"Mother," — a voice called from the car. It was Sarah's daughter Emily. Sarah came out slowly, with a pained expression in her eyes.

"Emily, dear," she said in a hurt voice, "I was hoping all day you'd come up ter see your old mother, and when come five o'clock and none of you had been I was beginnin' ter think no one ever thought of yer mother any more."

"I'm sorry, Mother," Emily apologized. "I was very busy all day and came just as soon as I possibly could. Listen, Mother, 'Wes' came home bringing a letter from sister Hattie and she wants me to send a telegram as soon as I know —— Mother, she wants you to go live with her in Boston and I think you ought to. She would look after you and you wouldn't be alone."

"Yes, I know," Sarah said slowly. "But here I feel I am near to yer father and I don't like ter leave."

"Mother, you can't stay here alone this winter. I won't have it! I'm going now to wire Hattie that you are coming next Tuesday. Now promise me that you will go."

"Well — all right, I'll go," Sarah said finally. Emily, with evident relief in her eyes, left immediately to telegraph Hattie.

The following Friday Sarah was busy cleaning house when in walked her cousin from Massachusetts.

"Why Sarah! What on earth are you doing? What's the meaning of all this cleaning?" they exclaimed.

"Haven't you heard?" Sarah asked, looking up. "The girls want me to stay with Hattie in Boston this winter. I don't want ter, but I suppose it's best. I want to have everything nice before I go. Where's Sally?"

"Oh, she had to stay in school, and we just drove up for the day. She did not like to miss a day, with examinations so close."

"That's too bad. I should have liked to see her once more," Sarah said with a far away, sad smile.

"You will be seeing her this winter, Sarah. We'll be driving in to see you real often."

"Yes, I reckon so," she sighed.

"Well," Cousin Jim said after a long silence. "we have to be moving along. We

want to stop at Barre. We will be seeing you, Sarah."

As he drove up the road Jim said to his wife, "Wonder what finally persuaded Sarah to go? She never would leave before."

"It is queer," Maud answered in a puzzled voice.

Tuesday morning dawned clear and cold. Around ten o'clock Emily drove up to take Sarah to the station. She climbed the steps and turned the door knob, but the door was locked! She ran to one of the windows and peeked in. Everything was in perfect order. She knocked, but no one came.

"Mother has probably gone in back of the house somewhere," she thought. "I know where she keeps the key inside the window so I'll just reach in and get it, unlock the door, and walk in."

In the kitchen the kettle was singing on the stove. Freshly washed clothes lay on the table. In her search for her mother, Emily flung open the bedroom door. The sight which greeted her eyes made her step back with a shriek of horror. There on the bed lay her mother, fully dressed and covered — stone dead! Beside the bed was a bottle of strychnine. A note on the table read, "No one is to blame. I planned this all summer. This world does not need me any more. I want to be with Ed ——."

* * *

It was midsummer. A rural free delivery truck chugged up the hill. The crickets were beginning to chirp in the hollow. The sky was a vivid orange blending into yellow. The mail man peered at the partly silhouetted cottage ahead of him. Just for a moment he thought he saw the figure of a little woman outlined against the cottage, a little Cape Cod cottage — on the brow of the hill.

Listen!

Marion McNeilly, '37

Meredith Nicholson says: "A day should not be 'jumped into' but approached tranquilly and with respect, and enlivened by every element of joy that can be communicated to it." There are many elements of joy in our everyday life that we skip over, merely because we think we are too rushed to enjoy them. One of these that appeals to me particularly is the pleasure of the sounds we hear every day. People go to concerts and operas to hear music. Many sounds almost as pleasing as this music can be heard in our own daily lives.

I love to lie in bed in the early morning of a fresh spring day, and listen to the birds singing their cheerful morning songs. I wonder if Mr. Nicholson wouldn't call this one of the joys that are communicated to us. So many people, as soon as their eyes are open, jump out of bed and slam the window down. Usually, they arrive at the breakfast table in a grouchy mood. How much better they would feel if they had stopped a minute to catch a bit of the bird's cheery morning greeting.

On a rainy day, when one has to walk to school or to his place of business, he immediately becomes gloomy. What harm can a little water do? He might better be glad to think that he has the opportunity of hearing the soft pelting music of the raindrops. Here

is some of the real music that musicians try to imitate. Why not take advantage of the real thing when one has a chance?

Another sound that musicians try to imitate is that of the soft, cool breezes rustling through the leaves; or the hard, cold winds tearing through them. By just sitting at an open window or in your own back yard, you can hear music as delightful as the music you pay two dollars to hear in an opera house. While you are sitting in the yard you might notice also the appealing sound of an airplane zooming by.

On cold, snowy mornings, one comes down to the breakfast table begrudging the fact that he soon has to put on all his heavy clothes and trudge through the snow. He ought to be thankful that he has the opportunity of walking through the glistening snow, and making that crunching noise with his feet. Many people never have the chance to hear that entertaining sound.

Nature has provided a music hall of her own, free of charge, in the out-of-doors. People never seem to appreciate as much as they should what they can get for nothing. The next time you are sitting in your own backyard, don't disregard the joys that are communicated to you by nature, but listen!

Daydreams

Richard D. Brownville, '37

I sat upon the hill one day
And gazed out o'er the sea
And wondered what adventures would
Be waiting there for me.

I wondered if I'd travel
To some port far away,
To Venice, London, Cairo,
Shanghai or Bombay.

I wondered if my vessel would
Be long and slim and white,
And yet would weather any storm
Regardless of its might.

I wondered if my shipmates
Would be sturdy men and true,
And if they'd love a life like that;
I would — wouldn't you?

Christmas in Poland (Bosa Na Rogena)

Stella Sienczuk, '37

Christmas in Poland is most interesting and exciting. The day before Christmas the men work steadily on their farms, having pleasant thoughts of the coming day. They work until noon, cleaning pens, fixing the hen coops, feeding the cattle, and gathering up all their farm tools, because they will not work on their farms for at least a week. The week following is filled with merry-making.

After their tools have been put away and their other duties fulfilled, they start for their homes. On their backs they carry sacks of straw, from which they will make a manger and throw straw about the house. Instead of using a tablecloth, they scatter straw on the table.

As the men wearily approach their homes, the smell of fried chicken, roast ducks, geese, pheasants, rabbits, and squirrels make them smile and wish they could eat then! But no! The day before Christmas is a fast day and no one eats before going to the midnight mass.

After unloading their sacks, they enter their homes, where everyone is busy. Even the tiny tots are helping to prepare the meal. They argue amongst themselves because each wants to crack the nuts.

Their mother's ears are deaf from all the noises, but she continues preparing the Christmas food energetically. Everything is prepared beforehand, because it is a sin to do any cooking or baking during the Christmastide.

The children, at the approach of their father, leave their nut cracking and rush to him. They want to help make the manger and their beds of straw. They do not sleep in their ordinary beds at Christmas, but in beds made of straw, on the floor. This symbolizes their love for God.

The housewife continues her baking and cleaning. The oldest daughter puts her shawl on, takes a pail, and out she goes to milk the

cows. She is only twelve years old, but, nevertheless, she is experienced at milking cows. When they all return from their tasks, they stand amazed at the sight of the table. The immense table, which is made of boards and boxes, is filled with delicious foods. Hot biscuits, buckwheat cakes, sizzling home-made soup, roasted corn, steaming rice pudding with plenty of raisins, figs, dates, pancakes of all sorts, blueberries, plums, apples and potatoes, broiled fish, fish balls are all made most deliciously. Nuts, apples, and pears, all add to the delight of the children. But, regardless of how tempting everything looks, they cannot eat till midnight.

The housewife has heated enough water for them all to take a bath. They all jump in a huge tub, which is put in the middle of the floor. After scrubbing each other clean they dress for bed. They now will rest till twelve o'clock, when they will be awakened to go to church. Their tummies roll as they pass the table to go to their beds of straw. Now they rest.

The snow falling softly, and the jingling of the sleighs are heard. The singing of the Christmas carols awaken the children. The sleighs are taken from the barns and off they go to church. They wear their shoes tonight because it is Christmas. Everyone sings Christmas carols on the way to church.

The services in Church begin at midnight, and end at two A.M. The children are half asleep during the services, but they manage to lift up their tiny heads and sing the Christmas carols. On the way home, five or six families join in visiting each other's homes. The older people travel about in groups all night. They sing carols under the windows of the sick and of the old people. They eat all they want at every home. Every home is open at Christmas, to anyone. The younger children have gone to

bed. They do not dream of Santa Claus because there is no such thing—that is, in Poland.

The older people deliver Christmas baskets to the needy. They themselves are not very well off, but everyone helps the other.

At the approach of the jingling sleighs, the children scramble out of the straw. They know that their parents have returned and it is Christmas morning. After the children have received their blessings and good wishes, their appetizing breakfast is begun. When their stomachs are filled, so they can barely move, they ride again to church. No presents are given out at Christmas, except among the rich.

On returning from church they begin their merry-making—dancing, singing, eating, and playing. Not one family, but the whole neighborhood join together and enjoy themselves.

The older people then go to the annual play

given by the young children. The children have studied for the play while working on their farms. They are very much excited to give this entertainment, which consists of poems, Christmas carols, and a play about our Lord.

The third day is the day for the children. They arise at five-thirty and begin traveling from house to house. They recite poems at each house and receive five or ten cents. They continue doing this the whole day and at the end of the day they have earned about two dollars. They are overjoyed at this large amount, for it is their own and will last till the next Christmas.

All this merry-making is continued for a whole week. The farmers are left idle; the women do no work; no one works. It is a week of real Christmas celebration, long anticipated and remembered for months.

A Trip to Italy

Florence Charlantini, '37

On August 3, 1923, my family left Needham for Italy. At Boston we boarded the ship Guiseppi Verdi. Ten days later it docked at Palermo, where some of the passengers disembarked. At the port, blue, green, red, and gray skiffs floated in and out among the larger ships. On these skiffs were young men playing stringed instruments and singing. There were other boats from which men were selling laces and finery to the people on board ship. Small boys, tanned by the hot sun, were swimming about ready to dive for coins which the steamship passengers tossed to them.

Later in the evening we started off again, landing at Naples the next day. After we had our baggage taken care of, we went to eat in one of the restaurants. It felt good to eat fresh food again.

Out on the street were carts, each drawn by a mule and an ox. The streets were made colorful by these blue, green, and yellow carts

and the oxen with their bright tassels. After dark, we boarded a train for a small village where we were to live with friends until we were settled.

This home, with its open fireplace and rough furniture was much like the log cabins the early Americans lived in when the Middle West was first being settled. It was quite a contrast to the comfortable home we had left back in Needham. The house was surrounded with vines heavily laden with clusters of blue and green grapes. We lived here for about two months and then moved to another village five miles away, where my father had bought a farm. On this farm were two houses, one for farmers who cultivated the land, and the other for its owner.

We soon became accustomed to seeing the young girls as well as the men work in the field. At harvest time all the girls and men went to cut the grain and harvest the corn.

After the harvest was finished, the owner of the farm held a feast which lasted several days. We were allowed to go into the dance hall in our home for a short time each evening to watch the dancers.

Although we children enjoyed living here, my father decided to take us back to the United States because the climate did not agree with my mother. In order to fill out papers for our return trip my father and mother had to go to Rome, and with them they took my sister. While they were in Rome they experienced the delight of visiting the Church of Saint Mary the Major and Saint Peter's Church.

They were deeply impressed by the interior of the Church of Saint Mary the Major. The walls were made of marble. In the center was a hollow with stairs leading down to a statue of a kneeling priest with an open Bible before him. At each of the four altars in the Church were priests saying Mass.

Saint Peter's Church is more picturesque on the exterior with its large fountains on each side of the main walls. They had the fortune at this time to see the Pope being wheeled around in a chair by Cardinals.

Two months after the return of my parents and sister we boarded the ship President Wilson and were on our way to America.

On Pillow-Fighting

Nancy Huening, '38

We all have our favorite sports. What's more, most of us love to converse at great length upon them. So do I. Therefore, it is with immeasurable delight that I launch forth upon this subject. My particular sport is not of the usual kind; in fact some hopeless "stuffed-shirts" with a deplorable lack of imagination may even fail to accept it as a real sport in the true sense of the word. However, we should feel a personal interest in it, as every one of us has indulged in this at one time or another. We are fortunate to have an environment in which the necessary weapons are at hand. I suffer to think of the poor Ethiopian natives who may never know the delights of it.

Pillow-fighting is a diplomatic sport. It really should be instituted as an important part of the annual Olympics. There is keen competition to the game; yet it creates a feeling of friendship that no suave foreign ambassador could effect. Can't you imagine a couple of bitter enemies, with wrathful snarls upon their lips, throwing ruffled pillows at each other? It is, of course, ridiculous. Why, I venture to say that if Haile Selassie started throwing pillows at Mussolini the two would be sworn friends the rest of their lives.

To the youth of today, pillow-fighting is a gesture similar to that of a cigar offered by one man to another — a gesture meaning, "Here — what is mine I will share with you." I recommend it as a great help at making guests feel at home and filling gaps in a conversation.

The technique of pillow-fighting does not take much skill. It all depends on the first shot. It must take the victim by surprise and smash him squarely in the face. Then there is a scramble for the hardest pillow. If you are an expert, you will have already casually placed that behind your back. Then the only thing for the person on the defensive to do is to huddle up and fortify his vulnerable spots with good-sized pillows, hiding his head like an ostrich. When you finally hurl a missile at him he will pounce on it and return the compliment immediately. From then on you just follow your impulses. So, to end this laudation, I offer sound advice:

If you're feeling quite erratic
And your nerves are acrobatic,
There's a remedy that's sure —
Pillow-fighting is the cure.

Destiny*Mary C. O'Connor, '37*

The tiny candle flickers in the drafts.
 It melts a small section of frost
 On the window,
 And water trickles down
 And forms endless shafts and patterns.
 The flame does a
 Weird little dance
 And casts elusive, shadowy devils
 About the room.
 The snow outside
 Picks up daggers of light
 And shoots them back into the gloom.
 Suddenly a drop of water
 From above
 The window, splashes down
 And sputters on the candle.
 With a sigh
 The bright light bows down
 And disappears;
 And its small soul
 Goes out to infinity
 In a little white cloud.

The Fog*Mavis Allen, '37*

Yonder in the Berkshires
 When night is coming on,
 A ghostly spirit wanders
 Across the velvet lawn.

It stalks across the plains,
 Over the mountain crest,
 To knock upon our door
 Always seeking rest;

But on and on it hastens
 Pushed by an unknown force,
 Never, never stopping
 Or resting in its course.

The fog is always sweeping
 When night is coming on,
 Like a ghostly spirit
 Across the velvet lawn.

English Yuletide*Joan Willoughby, '37*

Over the frosty moorlands,
 Over the frozen bogs,
 Tramped the merry English
 Drawing the mighty logs.

Drawn from the misty woodlands
 Many miles away,
 Dragged by the brawny English
 Through the dusk of the waning day.

Breathless they hauled their burdens
 Up to the cottage door,
 And placed them upon the hearthstone
 As their ancestors had of yore.

The dusk now melted to darkness,
 Each family gathered near
 The hearth where the flaming Yule log
 Brought memories of bygone years.

And thus in the days of Old Britain
 Was the Christmas season made gay,
 When the Yule logs were burned on the
 hearthstones,
 And the flames laughed and leaped in their
 play.

Autumn*Frances Beever, '37*

The wind comes whistling through the trees,
 And spreads the fragrant autumn breeze.
 It rustles through the leaves of red,
 Which settle to their wintry bed.

It blows from branches, leaves of gold
 Announcing winter, harsh and cold.
 The clouds, like sails on sea of blue
 Give splendor to this autumn hue.

I like to watch wind as it heaves
 Small puffs of smoke from burning leaves,
 And sends them scattering here and there,
 To where? Wind doesn't seem to care.

Rocket's Race

Quentin Gulliver, '37

"Good morning, Mose."

"Mawnin', Mistah Chalmers. How you this mawnin'?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mose. How did you weather the night?"

"Perty good, suh. Ah reckon we 'uns ain' go'n have no mo' trouble. Bat, he have fix that. Rocket was a nice quiet hoss las' night, too. We 'uns ain't go'n have no mo' trouble."

The two men, one quite evidently a prosperous business man, tall and light of complexion, the other a stable hand, short and dark of skin, sauntered along the front end of one of the long stable buildings of the South Berwick Racing Grounds. Each morning before assuming the tasks of the day, Ray Chalmers drove down to pay a visit to Rocket, his thoroughbred, cold-eyed, black gelding. The horse had run a few preliminary races and had won hands down. Although the other owners of horses never said much, they thought, as they witnessed the long easy racing stride of this magnificent black horse, — "There is a great racer."

The nature of this animal had been somewhat queer ever since it had been foaled. The horse had never liked any man, but it did observe the people with whom it worked to be more friendly than others; hence there was no serious difficulty. But Chalmers had had to pay several doctor's bills because some one had been struck, in the peculiar way some horses have of rearing on their hind legs and striking with their forefeet. The horse did have one friend, Bat, a big, black, spotted Dalmation, a dog whose ancestors were raised with horses. Bat's life was with and around Rocket. Nothing else seemed to matter. He had taken the horse under his supervision and did a good job of seeing that everything around the horse was safe.

Now as Chalmers, accompanied by his stable hand, rounded the corner of the building and walked up to the window-door of his stall, both dog and horse came to attention. Rocket turned from the feed box, ears uplifted, nostrils dilating, seeming to wait for some noise before resuming his repast. Bat jumped down from Mose's cot on which he had been dozing and stood, tail slowly wagging, waiting for the two men as they come through the door.

"Bat still hangs around, does he?" questioned Chalmers of his negro companion.

"Yassuh, Mistah Chalmers, he hangs 'roun' all right, but, boy, ah ain' kickin'. Dat dawg is the surest way o' mah watchin' dat hoss an' sleepin' at the same time dat ah knows of, yassuh. A bang-up good dawg."

"Yes, I guess he's pretty good around Rocket. They seem to get along quite well," said Chalmers clucking to his horse as it resumed feeding. "Funny where he came from," resumed Chalmers; "just seemed to appear one day after the races. Doesn't seem to want to do anything but stay near Rocket."

Then as Chalmers started to leave — "Well, I guess everything is O. K., as you say it is, and I'll be getting along. No use staying if there's nothing unusual to bother with. Rocket is entered in the fifth today, you know. Have him run easy; no sense straining him for one race. We've got to save him for the National trials next Thursday. And watch that guy Saunders. No telling what scheme he's got up his sleeve now." After this Ray left the stall and headed for his parked car.

Mose ducked under the stall bar and leaned over Rocket's hind feet. The shin-bandage seemed looser than when he had put it on. He unraveled it a little and a few grains of wet sand fell out.

"Well, doggone. How dat sand git in dem tapes? Um-um, dat Saunders am one clevah fellah. They ain' nobody what would o' stuck that sand in dere 'cep' Saunders. Boy, if ah could only do what ah would like to do, we wouldn' have no mo' trouble, no suh." Then Mose began the long careful job of replacing shin-tapes.

The wet sand, which might have proved injurious to the horse's legs, was only a minor example of the trouble caused by a group of men to the disadvantage of Chalmers and his horse. The group of four was led by Jockey Saunders, who had considerable trouble in riding a winning horse when Rocket was entered against him in a race. Only last month one of Saunders' men had attempted to break into the stall and bind one of Rocket's legs; if this trick had worked and had been discovered even an hour afterwards, it would have lamed the horse for an indefinite period. Unfortunately, the nocturnal prowler did not make provisions for the big Dalmatian, on which he nearly stepped as he entered the stall. Before the man could turn around and climb out the back window, the calves of both his legs were badly bitten. Mose, aroused by the "dawg's" growls, followed the trail of blood. It ended abruptly and a pair of auto tire tracks took its place. But when Mr. Chalmers was motoring along the boulevard two days later, he chanced to catch sight of Saunders, himself, helping a man on crutches into a waiting automobile.

The eve of the National Race was well under way. A full moon shone down on the South Berwick Grounds. The roof of each stable building seemed to shine like silver as it reflected the light of the moon. Suddenly, as if sprouting from the shadows of one building, two forms slipped across the space between the paddock and the first building, the one in which Rocket was stalled. A heavy guard should have been kept, for the horse was in greater danger of being molested than ever before. It had done well in the National trials

and was picked to win the greatest race of the season. So now, the two slinking forms approached the stall, where horse, dog, and man were oblivious to any action going on outside. The "thub-tud" of a small oil can was heard as one of the men carefully lubricated the upper hinges of the stall window-door. Slowly the door swung open. One of the men produced from under his jacket a mess of straps and metal, which, if the light had been better, could have been identified as a trusted-snaffle racing bridle. He quietly reached inside and replaced the bridle hanging there with the one he had brought with him. Then the other man, who had been standing guard, closed the door and the men proceeded back the way they had come, finally melting into the shadow of the Jockey House. Nothing else stirred as the moon continued to cast its silver light on the grounds.

The next afternoon, the stands of the South Berwick Racing Grounds were packed. The mutuels were working overtime. The horses had left the paddock and were parading down the front stretch of the track toward the starting line. About this time, Mose was hunting behind the Jockey House for a nose sponge that he remembered had been thrown out. He stubbed his toe on a piece of leather. He stooped over and extracted it from a pile of rubbish. It was the rein of Rocket's bridle! But how could it be? Rocket was wearing his! Then Mose straightened up. Could it be?—Yes, he was almost certain. The old split bridle rein trick had been pulled on him and he had been careless enough not to have seen it as he inspected the track. He ran as fast as he could, the Dalmatian at his heels, jumped over the closed track entrance gate, and ran towards the starting line. A mighty roar filled his ears and he knew that the race was on. The horses were coming down the track toward the negro and the dog. None too soon did the two duck out of the way. Mose caught sight of Rocket straining at that rein that would give away shortly, throw the rider, and endanger the life of every man and beast in the

race. In the cloud of dust behind the horses was a streak of spotted white, which, as it sailed over the infield fence, proved to be Bat. It was a real race now; to see whether a small animal could run as fast across the infield of the track as those mighty animals running around the track. The dog was barking and watching that big piece of horseflesh, black in color, that was forging into the lead. The dog jumped that back infield fence just as the horses thundered down the back stretch. Now the dog barked earnestly and jumped up and down. It seemed as though the racers would run him down, when their leader, the black horse, reared and plunged sideways. That dog was his friend. He would not hurt that dog for any race. The other horses jammed against one another and slowed down, their racing stride broken, the race over. Cars with trainers in them came around the track. The trainers got out, the horses were led back to the paddock, and the jockeys began to dismount. There was one, a sly looking individual who,

as he stepped down from his perch, was met by a dark, bony fist attached to a man named Mose, who was intent on beating him badly. The incidents of the dog's being inspired to stop the race, which act no one ever understood, and the fight between Mose and Saunders were talked about, more than the amazing fact that the race was never finished.

An hour later Chalmers came up to the stall door. He had been conferring with the police. As he approached the door the black gelding turned from the feed box, sensed who was there, and resumed eating. The Dalmatian, roused from his nap on Mose's cot, lifted his head sleepily, thumped his tail two or three times on the blankets, and with a deep sigh settled down to doze once more. Mose, rising from his chore of taping the horse's legs, said slowly, "We'uns ain' go'n have no mo' trouble now, nooooo suh." He smiled broadly and took up his task again. Chalmers said nothing, but he was looking rather solemnly at the big dog stretched out on the cot.

A Glimpse into the Past

Leonard Cronkhite, '37

Far out in the Caribbean, the two tiny islands of St. Kitts and Nevis have sunned themselves contentedly for centuries. They have changed little, except that miniature schooners have taken the place of huge galleons, and a scraggling Liliputian village the place of gay dwellings and grim fortifications. The low hung clouds still swirl about the tops of the mountains and deluge rain without a moment's notice on the wary inhabitants. The population has changed little, the industries have changed not at all, and the refinements of life are unknown. The inhabitants, a curious mixture of Spanish, Negro, Portuguese, and Indian, exist from day to day on a few dollars a year. They try their hand at fishing, collecting tropical fruit, and occasional boat-building; but mostly they just exist.

As one enters the town, a few down-and-out dwellings, standing on either side of the narrow, crooked streets, meet the eye forlornly. Down the center of each street runs an open gutter, which serves as the waste system and empties into the sea. After a few hundred yards, each street ends or vanishes into the heavy tropical growth. Travellers are greeted by crowds of ragged children begging for a penny, and everywhere poverty is most evident.

Hiring an ancient American Ford, chauffeured by a grinning islander, one finds himself propelled spasmodically toward a steep hill upon which an old fortress looks out to sea. One is informed that the gasoline costs \$1.40 a gallon. The chauffeur explains in a garbled tongue of English plus an unknown mixture of other languages, that the island on the left is a leper colony and that the disease

is quite common among his people. Farther on, the vehicle charges into an overgrown section of the road, and green leaves, twigs, and branches, together with a liberal mixture of bugs, are deposited into the laps of the occupants. Having cleared this barrier successfully, one finds himself inclined at an angle of 45° or more, which to his discomfort continues for half an hour. At length, he is told that the rest of the journey is to be made on foot.

A tortuous path leads up the side of the mountain and finally the sea bursts into view on all sides. It is as if one were standing on a huge raft surrounded by a limitless expanse of ocean. The old rusty cannon glower down at the harbor and everywhere are crumbling battlements, rotten wooden doors, and numerous passages. A dank, musty odor swirls out of the depths below. Cautiously climbing down some swaying ladders, one finds an impenetrable gloom closing in. Obviously the

room served once as a dungeon, and, after a light is procured, one can see rows of shackles lining the walls. Horribly enough, beneath one lies a pile of bones. They turn out to be those of a dog, but the suggestion is only too clear.

As afternoon comes on, the worthy Ford enters the town abruptly, and its occupants are deposited 'midst a clamoring crowd of natives displaying their wares: limes, a penny a handful; baskets, from a three-pence to a shilling; and toys, any price you can bargain for; in fact, anything from backscratchers to fish nets. Finally, the travelers step into the tiny boats which row them to the ship, literally loaded down with native ware, yet, strangely, with only a few dollars less in their pockets.

Evening suddenly drops out of the clouds, and except for a few faint lights, the ship could well be out to sea. The day is over, and blackness closes in.

It Can Happen Here

R. Shepherd, '37

Larry rolled over on his side and glanced at the radium dial of his wrist watch. It registered six A.M. He stretched, yawned, and then raised himself on his elbow so as to see out of the window and at the same time let the cool salt breeze blow over him. On the horizon he could see Point Gammon, its tip clustered with houses grouped around a white towered lighthouse. Between the mainland and the peninsula stretched the broad bay, and below him over two dozen sail-boats rode at anchor with several fishermen's craft, a cabin cruiser or two, and four or five sloops. Sadly he realized that by tomorrow night he would have to give up all of this for the noise and smoke of the city; for after all, a person can't live at a beach resort for nothing, and even then he was short two hundred dollars for school expenses. Well, at least he had one more day and also there was the sailboat race; so he said to himself, "I might as well get as much out of this last day as I can." With a final stretch,

he rolled out of bed and dressed.

A half hour later found him down on the dock untying the rowboat which acted as tender to his sixteen-foot sailboat. A five-minute row brought him to his craft which was painted green above and black below the water line. He was not the only person there. All about him sails were being raised, anchors pulled up — all the activities that accompany the preparation for a race.

In about ten minutes he had the sails up and was under way. All about him other boats in the same class as his were scudding along, leaving behind a foamy white wake.

The starting hour had been sounded for the second time and eagerly he was watching his stop watch. When there was only a quarter of a minute to go, he came about and headed for the starting line. Whoooot! the last whistle sounded, and looking over his shoulder toward the dock he saw a number five which signified the course of the race.

With a smile of satisfaction he found that he was off to a beautiful start, as he had crossed the line only two and one-half seconds after the whistle. The course of the race lay up the bay to a buoy and back again, about the distance of one mile.

A point of land on the port side made it necessary to head straight out of the bay for a distance of about four hundred and fifty yards, and then a port tack set him straight down the bay towards the buoy which was the half way mark of the race. His boat and four other boats were in a cluster when they made the first turn.

It was extremely rough outside the small harbor where the boats were kept, and at every squall that came up the boats would keel over so far that the deck was well under water. Also, at each wave, spray dashed over him. After he had been out there for three minutes, he was drenched to the skin.

He and two other boats kept close together as far as the half-way mark, but there one of them capsized and in order to avoid ramming it, he lost time, which put the other boat about twenty-five yards ahead of him. The other boat kept this lead and Larry realized that he could never hope to win. Suddenly he thought of that long point of land on the right-hand side of the bay. He remembered that at high-tide there was a section half-way down that was partly under water. Perhaps he could cut across this point of land and in that way he should come in quite a bit ahead of the boat in front of him. With a turn of the tiller he headed for this point. He realized that if he ran aground he stood the chance of injuring his boat, not being able even to finish the race.

Directly in front of him was the strip of water. "How small it looks from here," he mused to himself. "Well, here goes," he thought. Pulling up the centerboard, he headed into the small creek. All went well till he was about half-way through and then he felt the bottom scraping. He thought that he surely would stop, but the next wave carried him on farther. Then his heart sank, for he saw just ahead of him a little sand bar and he knew that he could never cross it. There was a sudden lurch as the boat hit it. He was aground. He realized that the race was over as far as he was concerned. He picked up an oar and went to the back of his boat to see whether he could pole it over. He had just reached the back again when he felt the boat start moving. Perplexed, he turned; then he discovered that by standing in the back of his boat he had raised the prow in the air and the boat was now halfway across the sand bar. He ran up to the bow. The stern went up and he slid off the bar into deep water. He grabbed the tiller and got the boat really moving and headed for the finish line. He saw that the boat that had been ahead of him was now a little way behind him and was not gaining. A half a minute later he crossed the finish line, came about, and went to his anchorage.

When he reached the dock in his row boat, he was informed that the judges were having a discussion to decide whether it was fair for him to take the short cut, but after a few minutes it was agreed that he was the winner and also that a surprise prize of three hundred and fifty dollars had been offered.

"Well," he said to himself, "I guess I can finish my vacation and still have enough money left for college."

On Shopping

George A. Young, '37

There is nothing more terrible than the thought of that unescapable duty, shopping. The horrors of entering a large store to grapple with humanity, all after something, heaven knows what, causes me to wish that I were one of the fur-bearing creatures, supplied by nature with clothing and food. I have yet to enter such a place and retreat unscarred. People don't seem to care that you have just had your shoes shined, suit pressed, and hair combed. To them anyone that is in the way is a tackling dummy waiting for punishment. Let us say we are going to the city for the purpose of obtaining some clothes. We approach a store and have to wait before an opening in the tide of humanity gives us the chance to rush forward into the unknown. When we are inside, we come smack bang into a wall of heaving people. We reach our destination after a struggle, but just as the counter can be seen and everything begins to look good someone knocks your hat off and puts nice little dents in the toes of your shoes. The guilty person wasn't satisfied to step on one, he had to step on both of them at once. Later we find ourselves again in the open trying bravely to stay on the sidewalk. By this time we feel that familiar call for food. Let's duck into the Chamber of Commerce Building and eat there. The spacious rooms relax and rejuvenate us to such a degree that the world begins to look pretty good, that is, until the check is presented. Once more it is time to enter the battle. Who suggested coming in town today, anyway?

Upon arriving home, I open my bundles and find that instead of collars I have six pair of stockings. I wonder if the people we met today ever heard these two sayings: "Haste makes waste" and "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Another form of shopping that I dislike beyond mention is shopping for victuals. Almost everyone does his main bit of buying on Saturday, and the people in my town are no

exception. At the end of each week it seems that the whole town turns out to purchase enough food for six countries. Why does everyone choose Saturday? In the mad rush to obtain all the good eatables first, Mrs. Jones gets Mrs. Pantoskies' potatoes and heaven only knows where Mrs. Jones's peaches are. Perhaps they are being squashed under Mrs. Pantoskies' steak. To me shopping in a small town on Saturday is as bad as being in Boston. For instance, when you walk into one of our large grocery stores, someone will undoubtedly come charging at you with an armful of bundles as a shield. You stand next to the fruit counter enjoying the scenery, such as it is, when a truckman deposits a crate of oranges on your feet and is gone before you can say, "Ouch!" It's up to you to extract your feet the best way possible. No one cares if your corn still hurts from being stepped on the day before. The customer has to "take it and like it."

I Shall Not Care

Mildred Durham, '37

When I am dead and over me pale moons
Shall scatter rays of romance far and near,
Though you shall have a gay romantic heart
I shall not care; I have been happy here.

I shall have peace, as slumbering moons on
high
Gaze down upon a weary, woesome world
And restfully repose with murmured thanks
For gracious skies of peace and clouds
unfurled.

Though battles blaze and tempests rage on
earth,
While you shall fight and struggle for your
life,
I shall have peace and rest in my repose.
My hours are gone of earthly toil and strife.

When I am dead and over me pale moons
Shall gaze upon an earth of endless tide,
Though there be happiness or sorrow deep
I shall not care, for I with peace abide.





The new school year was started by the various classes holding their respective class meetings.

The first meeting of the Sophomore Class was held September twenty-second. The following officers were elected: Robert Schmalz, president; Leonard Murphy, vice-president; Barbara Hopkins, secretary; Betty Jones, treasurer. Miss Sawyer and Miss Harrington were elected class advisors. A ring committee was appointed, and at the second meeting a ring was chosen. The dues were set at fifty cents.

The Class of 1938 held its first meeting September seventeenth. The officers for the current year were elected as follows: James Davis, president; James Davidson, vice-president; George Kline, secretary; and Joseph Dineen, treasurer. As there was no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

The Senior Class held its first meeting September sixteenth. Leonard Cronkhite and Kathryn Howland, former class president and secretary respectively, were the only candidates nominated for those offices, and were reelected unanimously. John Nye and Edward Dunn were elected as vice-president and treasurer respectively. Miss Fessenden was elected as class advisor to take Mr. Johnson's place. The dues were set at one dollar.

* * * *

We were honored in having as our speaker one Monday, Mrs. Joseph E. Holmes of the Curry School of Expression. She spoke on the correct ways of speech, and then dramatized Bernard Shaw's play, "Pygmalion." It proved very entertaining.

On one of our early autumn days, two grasshoppers on their way to the biology room spent some time in the study hall terrifying the girls. They can arouse almost as many squeals as mice!

* * * *

The Leaders Club has been organized by Miss Carroll. It has thirty-two members who expect to coöperate with Miss Carroll in a great amount of the gym work this year. Squad leaders were chosen from this group for the gym classes. Betty Godfrey, Stella Sienczuk, Marcia Church, and Frances Beevers were chosen as leaders.

* * * *

Our Sophomore class this year has proved itself to be quite "loud." Just step into the auditorium some Friday when there is cheering practice and listen to the individual class cheers. The P.G.'s, however, think themselves too old to indulge in such nonsense.

* * * *

On Monday, November sixteenth, we enjoyed the presence of an old friend at assembly. Mr. John E. Hines made his annual visit to Needham High School and read the comedy "David Garrick" by T. W. Roberts. We were delighted by this performance, which proved just as entertaining and amusing as Mr. Hines' performances always are.

* * * *

An elective course in Music Appreciation, under the supervision of Miss Titcomb, has been added to the group of extra-curriculum activities this year. Quite a few people have chosen to take it. They discuss certain pieces, their composers, and their meaning.

The scholastic honor roll for the first term found the Seniors leading, with twelve attaining the eighty-five average. The pupils with that average were Evelyn Godfrey, Phyllis Haller, John Hutcheson, Kathryn Howland, Frances McKean, Ruth McKean, Marion McNeilly, Eloise Jacobson, Mary C. O'Connor, Hollis Paegal, Jr., Ruth Pearé, and Lillian Wood.

The Sophomores showed themselves to be quite brilliant by coming next with eleven on the roll: Leroy Atherton, John Alden, Ruth Burton, Margaret Byington, Bradley Copeland, Jean Dempsey, Elois Fairbanks, Dorothy Leeper, Stanley Rice, Virginia Schroeder, and Louise Thayer.

The Juniors followed with eight attaining the eighty-five average. They were Walter Chase, Katherine Donati, Roger Griffin, George Kline, Elsie Praetsch, Helen Prohodski, Eleanor Webber, and Virginia Barlow.

Last were the post-graduates. They had five on the honor roll: Ashley Hazard, James McCracken, Helen McKean, Walter Taylor, and Earle Webster.

The Sophomores were ahead on the Attendance Honor Roll.

* * * *

Strangers in Needham have often taken our school for a factory. Why? Because of the many cars that are parked outside of it daily. Soon garages will have to be incorporated with schools when they are built.

Something else the school should include is a manicure room. Several of the boys are seen doing their nails in lunch period or study hall. Here is a way for some of you ambitious girls to make some money.

* * * *

There seems to be a fad for the arts this year in the Senior Class. Several of the boys have taken up tap-dancing, while the girls resort to elocution. We expect to see a second Fred Astaire or Ethel Barrymore in one of our future assembly programs.

The Library Club this year has been meeting regularly. The members are divided into several groups, and every other week one of these committees has charge of the program, which usually consists of a book review or a travel talk. On the days that these committees do not function, Miss Steele teaches something new about the library. Each of the girls has written to a travel agency asking for new posters for the library. The following girls are club members: F. Charlantini, M. Cole, M. Hoyt, N. Huening, P. Nute, M. E. O'Connor, C. Parker, E. Richards, D. Whitehead, A. Allardyce, and M. Ferrara.

* * * *

It has been announced that the football game between Needham and North Attleboro will not be on the docket with next year's football encounters. In order to have a ten-game schedule, faculty manager Fred L. Frost has arranged to have Framingham High School as one of the worthy opponents.

We hope that this game will provide real competition for our next year's football team.

* * * *

Both the glee clubs are doing well this year: the boys under the direction of Mr. Pollard, and the girls under Miss Titcomb's supervision. Each club has about forty members. Both the clubs entertained representatives from Canton High. The Boys' Glee Club has sung for the New Century Club and for the Needham Music Club.

* * * *

Have you noticed certain feminine hearts in the Junior and Senior classes beat a little faster when a particular school is mentioned? Try Dartmouth, New Hampton, Yale, and Colby, and see for yourself.

* * * *

We have two new radio personalities in our midst: George and Grace. Speaking of the radio, did you hear our already famous sneezer on Fred Allen's program? He has a nice English accent, too!



The Senior Play

The Class of 1937 chose J. Hartley Manners's "Peg O' My Heart" for its Senior Play this year. It was given on Friday evening, the eighteenth of December, in our auditorium.

When the play opens, we find ourselves in the living room of Regal Villa, Mrs. Chichester's home in Scarborough, England. The family have just lost their fortune in a bank failure and are wondering what they are going to live on. Mr. Hawkes, the family lawyer, brings the solution to this problem when he announces that if the family will take Peg, Mrs. Chichester's niece, to live with them, they will be given one thousand pounds a year, according to the will of Mrs. Chichester's late brother.

When Peg makes her entrance, the Chichesters are shocked beyond words by her appearance and manners. However, they decide to keep her and educate her because they need the money.

After Peg remains with the Chichesters for a month, she has changed a great deal in appearance, but she is still the same unsophisticated girl at heart. She gets into a great deal of mischief, much to the Chichesters' distress, but nevertheless she wins the way to our hearts.

THE CHARACTERS

"Jerry"	John Notman
Alaric Chichester	Quentin Gulliver
Montgomery Hawkes	Richard Brownville
Christian Brent	Paul Bassett
Jarvis	John Hutcheson
Mrs. Chichester	Martha Hoyt
Ethel Chichester	Eloise Jacobson
"Peg"	Jean Early
Benneth	Marion McNeilly

One of our most interesting assemblies was held on October seventh, in honor of Fire Prevention Week. We had as speakers Chief Quinlan of the Needham Fire Department, and Chief Seldon R. Allen of the Brookline Fire Department. They spoke on fire hazards in the home, and methods of fire prevention. Chief Allen told some interesting details about the fire at Brookline High School, September twenty-fifth.

* * * *

Friday night, November twentieth, our annual S.A.A. dance was held from eight to eleven. Bob Farrell's orchestra provided the music. During the intermission, punch and cookies were served. Everyone agreed that the punch was the best that we have ever had. The Sophomores, as well as the Juniors and Seniors, made a good showing. Everyone had a good time.

* * * *

The *Beaux Brummels* of our Senior Class are robbing the cradle this year: i.e. the Sophomore class. We wonder if the Senior girls feel slighted.

* * * *

Exchange

Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.

Your class questionnaire is good. Here's hoping some of them live up to your predictions. The essays are timely topics. How about the rest of the class members in the will? Aren't there any would-be poets in the class? *The Nutshell*, Moorestown, New Jersey

We especially enjoyed your Aviation number. Your cover coincided with the subject well. We suggest a Humor Department.

The Cycle, Woodsville, New Hampshire

We thought your Short Story Issue was exceptionally fine. The stories were both interesting and clever. How about a few poems? *The Pennant*, Meriden, Conn.

Your tribute to your former faculty member is very considerate. Do politics belong in school? A little poetry would add to your paper.

Boise High Lights, Boise, Idaho

You have a splendid weekly paper. Your articles are written entertainingly. Does the Art Department ever contribute heads for the various departments?

Free Vocational Lectures

A series of ten Saturday morning lectures primarily designed to acquaint high school juniors and seniors with twenty vocations are being sponsored by Northeastern University. These lectures begin on Saturday, January 30, 1937, at Bates Hall, 312 Huntington Avenue, Boston, and will be given from 10 A.M. to 12 noon. All persons interested are invited to come and use this opportunity. The lectures are free of charge and obligation.

The dates with their respective subjects are given here:

January 30

BANKING
FOREIGN TRADE

February 6

GOVERNMENT (CIVIL SERVICE)
GOVERNMENT (FOREIGN SERVICE)

February 13

TEACHING
JOURNALISM

February 20

ADVERTISING
ACCOUNTING

February 27

CIVIL ENGINEERING
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

March 6

INSURANCE
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING

March 13

CHEMISTRY AND CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
LAW

March 20

AVIATION
RADIO

March 27

PUBLIC UTILITIES
SELLING

April 3

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
SOCIAL WORK



Boys' Sports

NEEDHAM 0

MEDWAY 12

Needham started its football season by losing to Medway for the first time in its history. Medway did not get many more "breaks" than Needham, but they were able to capitalize on them when they came.

The first score came in the second period after recovering a Needham fumble, and the last touchdown came when Medway intercepted a pass.

The only outstanding player for Needham was Chiappisi.

NEEDHAM 0

ABINGTON 21

Needham met its second defeat of the season at Abington. This was more of a hard luck game as all the scoring came in the last few minutes of the fourth period after Gallagher was injured.

The three touchdowns came as results of one fumble and two intercepted passes.

Outstanding for Needham were Gallagher, Capocci, and Chiappisi.

NEEDHAM 18

NORWOOD 0

Needham won its initial victory by defeating Norwood for the first time in fifteen years.

The first two touchdowns came in the second period, one shortly after a pass from Marselli to Bill Condrin and the other on a pass from Marselli to Chiappisi. The third touchdown came in the fourth period immediately after a long pass from Chiappisi to Bill Condrin.

All attempts at the point after touchdowns were futile.

Prominent for Needham were Chiappisi, Marselli, Bill Condrin, Fantegrossi and Capocci.

NEEDHAM 0

DEDHAM 7

Needham again lost to an undefeated Dedham team on the home field. The visitors scored in the first period after a long march down the field.

In the last half, however, Needham showed plenty of fight, but could get nowhere.

Outstanding for Needham were Chiappisi and Gallagher.

NEEDHAM 6

MILTON 0

The High School acquired its second victory of the season at the expense of Milton at Milton.

Needham's tally came in the second period after two long passes and a run by Marselli. Milton reached inside the ten-yard line twice, but were always held. Needham had the ball on Milton's three-yard line in the last period, but gave the ball up on downs.

Outstanding for Needham were Marselli and Cronkhite.

NEEDHAM 0

BRAINTREE 0

On the home field a lucky Braintree team held Needham to a scoreless tie. Three times Needham had the ball inside the five-yard line only to lose it every time on a fumble.

As the final whistle blew, Chiappisi scored on a pass from Marselli, but the referee called it off because the game was over.



NEEDHAM 14**NATICK 0**

Needham High School won its third victory in seven starts by defeating a weak Natick team on foreign grounds.

The first touchdown was made on a buck by Marselli after Chiappisi had advanced the ball from the thirty-nine-yard line to the seven. The second score came on a fifty-six yard jaunt by Marselli. Both points after were scored by a pass from Marselli to Chiappisi.

Spectacular for Needham were Marselli, Chiappisi, Fantegrossi and Gallagher.

NEEDHAM 13 NO. ATTLEBORO 13

Needham played its best game of the current season in tying North Attleboro.

Needham scored shortly after the opening of the second period on a seventy-five yard march down the field. No. Attleboro scored a minute later on a long run. No. Attleboro scored again late in the third period, but Needham rallied and scored again almost at the end of the game. The home team was in scoring position when the game ended.

Outstanding for Needham were Chiappisi, Marselli and Paul Condrin.

NEEDHAM 0**CONCORD 0**

Needham held a much superior and smarter team to a scoreless tie. Concord outweighed Needham and seemed to know all the tricks of the game. They came close to scoring twice, but the Needham line always held.

Outstanding for Needham were Paul Condrin and Capocci.

Thanksgiving Day Game**NEEDHAM 12****WELLESLEY 13**

The largest crowd in the history of Needham gathered on a cold, cloudy morning to watch Needham lose its annual classic to Wellesley on a mud-soaked field.

Almost a completely revised team took to the field and scored soon after the opening whistle. P. Condrin kicked to the Wellesley nine-yard line, and on the next play the muddy ball slid through the hands of Jarvis, and Schmalz recovered behind the goal line for a

touchdown. Condrin missed the point after by a few inches.

Shortly after this, Schmalz barely missed Glorioso behind the goal for a touchback.

Wellesley scored right after the opening of the second half on a thirty-two yard run by Glorioso. They scored the point after which put them in the lead. Almost immediately after the kick-off, Kent intercepted a Needham pass, and the team marched on to another score.

Late in the third period, Needham lost the ball on the twelve-yard line when a pass from Marselli intended for Arra was intercepted by Jarvis.

No threats to score came until near the end of the game when Needham marched down the field and P. Condrin scored from the two-yard line. Marselli missed the point after, which would have given Needham a tie.

Local fans consoled themselves by considering the game a moral victory since Wellesley was supposed to win by more than twenty points.

Starring for Needham were Schmalz, Gallagher, Arra and Marselli.

Letter Men*First Team*

Charles Arra	Ray Johnson
William Capocci	Edward Lowery
Alphonse Chiappisi	Thomas Marsilli
Paul Condrin, Capt.	Francis McGeever
William Condrin	Charles Morgan
Leonard Cronkhite	William Pollard
James Davis	Richard Schmalz
Harold Dickert	Dorrance Soule
Dwight Ellis	Ray Squire
Ventiveo Fantegrossi	Joseph Thorpe
James Gallagher	Winthrop McIntosh
Roger Goodwin	Joseph Anderson, Mgr.
Roy Hjelm	Gordon Cushman, Mgr.
Robert Hubbell	

Second Team

Bradley Copeland	Ray Martinsen
Alan Crowell	Ralph Leader
Curtis Dodge	Stanley Rice
Ira Hedges	Fred Slaney
Charles Lawson	

Numerals

1938	George Horblit
David Moore	Roy Plaisted
Tom Ruane	Richard Sharpe
Lewis Wheeler	George Thompson
Robert White	Elmer Crowell
Fred Farrell, Mgr.	Dominic Chiappisi
1939	Wyatt Rugg, Mgr.
Roland Carter	Jack Wood, Mgr.
Murray Govoni	Waldo Kingston, Mgr.

Schedule for 1936

Sept. 19	Medway	Here	0-12
" 26	Abington	Away	0-20
Oct. 3	Norwood	Away	18-0
" 12	Dedham	Here	0-7
" 17	Milton	Away	6-0
" 24	Braintree	Here	0-0
" 31	Natick	Away	14-0
Nov. 7	No. Attleboro	Here	13-13
" 14	Concord	Here	0-0
" 26	Wellesley	Here	13-12

GIRLS' SPORTS

Hockey practice started right on time this year, beginning the second week after school opened. The varsity squad was chosen October 15th, and Justine Sturtevant was voted captain. Later, Betty Godfrey was chosen captain of the second team. Eleanor Eastman was manager, and her artistic ability was a great help to her when it came time for the balls to be painted.

The annual practice games with Wellesley were held here on our own field this year. The first and second team games both ended in a no-score tie.

BROOKLINE 1 NEEDHAM 2

The girls were rather anxious about this game, not only because it was the first game of the season, but also because Brookline was the only team to which we lost in the 1935 season. However, we came home with a 2-1 victory, the goals being made by Wheeler and Church. The second team tied 2-2 with that up-and-coming sophomore, Marcia Cleaves, making both goals.

NEWTON 1 NEEDHAM 1

The second and last game away was held at Newton. The first team tied, 1-1, with Frances Beevers scoring. The second team lost 2-0.

WATERTOWN 2 NEEDHAM 0

The first home game was played with Watertown on November 5th. The girls played very well, but were defeated 2-0. The second team fared better, winning by a score of 1-0. Marcia Cleaves made the only goal.

WELLESLEY 2 NEEDHAM 1

The Wellesley team is the team that the girls especially wanted to subdue. They fought all through the game. At the half, Wellesley had two goals, so the Needham team fought hard. They managed to get one goal which was made by Betty Godfrey. The second team tied 1-1. Marcia Cleaves made the goal.

WALTHAM 0 NEEDHAM 0

November 20 we played our last game of the season with Waltham. Although the girls tried hard, there was no score in the first team game. In the second team game, Ingrid Grieve made a goal. Later in the game, there was quite a mishap. Our own goalie, Mary Winter, in the shuffle in the striking circle had the misfortune to hit the ball through the goal. This made the final score of 1-1.

On October 27, beginners' games were held at Wellesley. Three teams played, two of which lost, 1-0. The other played a no-score game.



Girls' Field Hockey Awards 1936

<i>Letters</i>	1938	Crisp, D.	Marshall, B.
<i>First Team</i>	Cranton, B.	Donald, D.	Minkovitz, E.
Beevers, F.	Curtin, F.	Dyer, P.	Nichols, D.
Church, M.	Grieve, I.	Gallagher, M.	Pollard, M.
Crisp, D.	Wheeler, H.	Ghidoni, R.	Sienczuk, S.
Croft, B.		Godfrey, B.	Sturtevant, J.
Curtin, F.	<i>Credits for Numerals</i>	Hobbs, J.	Tomaino, I.
Dyer, P.	1939	McKean, F.	Trow, R.
Eastman, E., Mgr.	Baldelli, E.	McKean, R.	Wilkinson, J.
Gallagher, M.	Byington, M.		* * * *
Ghidone, R.	Cleaves, M.		
Godfrey, B.	Colburn, B.		
Hobbs, J.	Cronin, A.		
McKean, F.	Dempsey, J.		
McKean, R.	Fitzgerald, R.		
Minkovitz, E.	Hazard, J.		
Nichols, D.	Hulse, S.		
Sienczuk, S.	Langille, M.		
Sturtevant, J., Capt.	Nelson, E.		
Wheeler, H.	Rodgers, R.		
Wilkinson, J.	St. Clair, B.		
<i>Second Team</i>	Smith, D.		
Byington, M.	Townsend, S.		
Cleaves, M.	Winter, M.		
Colburn, T.			
Cranton, B.	1938		
Cronin, A.	Cranton, B.		
Grieve, I.	Croft, B.		
Hopkins, B.	Cronin, E.		
Marshall, B.	Curtin, F.		
Nelson, E.	Donati, K.		
Prohodski, H.	Grieve, I.		
Rodgers, R.	Henderson, B.		
St. Clair, B.	Miller, J.		
Trow, R.	Pike, E.		
Winter, M.	Welch, E.		
Allen, M.	Wheeler, H.		
Hoyt, M.			
N.H.S.	1937		
1937	Beevers, F.		
Corliss, J.	Butler, I.		
	Carpenger, M.		
	Church, M.		
	Corliss, J.		

The annual class games were held as usual under the direction of Miss Carroll. The Seniors won from Juniors 1-0. The Juniors were defeated by Sophomores 1-0. And the Seniors failed to break a no-score tie with the Sophomores, even though an extra period was played.

The alumni game was played Saturday afternoon, November 7. There was decidedly more interest in the North Attleboro football game which was being played at the same time. Only four alumni players showed up, so they were obliged to borrow several of our own players. The score was 2-0 in favor of the alumni!

* * * *

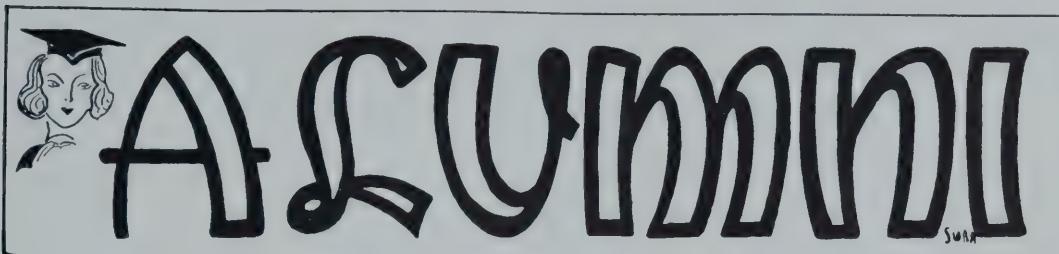
Hockey

Yes, Fall is here and hockey too
Field hockey, played with ball and stick,
We like to play in morning dew
And even when the mud is thick.

We knock the ball way down the alley
In hard attempt to make a gain,
To score another goal we rally,
Before the defense scores again.

This hockey game is hard and rough,
Our pals get cut and scratched and hurt —
When up and down the field we puff,
And often even bite the dirt.

By Francis McKean, '37



We have endeavored to secure some letters that would be of interest to the students of Needham High from a few of the Alumni who are away at college, thinking that these would furnish our readers with some entertaining material. Two of them were kind enough to take their very valuable time to write letters to the "Advocate," and we have printed them below. We are truly grateful to Dick and Jeffrey for their fine letters, and we hope that more will be forthcoming, from other alumni.

208 Farnum Hall
New Haven, Conn.
November 11, 1936

Dear Alumni Editor,

My apologies for not having written sooner. I seem to be having a harder struggle for existence than I expected.

As for college life, there is so much to be said that I don't know where to begin — and besides that I don't know whether some of its aspects are printable or not — in fact I'm quite sure that they are not.

You know this starts off like a theme in English — I can't think of anything that might be of interest to Needham High in general. Perhaps, however, they might be interested in the Residential College Plan.

Down here at Yale they do not have dormitories under the technical name as such. They have what are called Residential Colleges. These recognize the social and educational values present in small groups. In the life of the colleges every undergraduate has opportunities for membership in a social unit, for

participation in informal college athletics, and for frequent meetings with the faculty. Surrounded by the resources of a large University, in the college system one gets the benefits of direct social relationship ordinarily obtained at only the small colleges elsewhere.

Physically the colleges are self-contained, each having its own library, dining hall, squash courts, and accommodations for about 200 students. Undergraduates of the three upper classes are eligible for admission to the nine colleges which have been completed. There is one more college which is intended to be built in the immediate future, and after that it is a matter of speculation whether any more will be needed or not. Most of the rooms are designed for two occupants and are arranged in suites of a study and two bedrooms. Nearly all of the rooms have fireplaces.

In this college system there has been retained one of the characteristic features of Yale, that is having representatives from all three upper classes in the same building. This plan is very popular here, due no doubt to the fact that all of the colleges represent the finest type of construction possible and very few of the buildings are over twenty years old.

Many thanks to you for your interest and best wishes to the "Advocate."

Very sincerely,

RICHARD SCHMALZ

Bowdoin College,
Brunswick, Maine

Dear Alumni Editor,

As I begin this letter, it is quarter of twelve by the Carre alarm clock, and I have just com-

pleted my nightly struggle with that noble language, Greek. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I turn to a more congenial task: that of writing about a few of my experiences at Bowdoin.

These first few weeks have been crammed full of hard work, new and enjoyable experiences, and many new friendships. The hard work is not accounted for entirely by the pursuit of knowledge, although our subjects have much to do with keeping my room-mate and myself at work until the "wee sma' hours" (to make use of an oft-repeated phrase.) As a freshman pledge in a Bowdoin Fraternity, I am obliged to wax floors, upon any and all occasions, to run errands, to answer the telephone; and during fraternity initiation week to act as a combined valet, lackey, and slave to an upperclassman.

The association that one has with other boys is said to be one of the greatest benefits a college can give to its students. One of the pleasant social features of college life is that famous institution known as the "Bull Session." During these almost-every-night meetings, everything from our last hour exam. to a discussion of immortality is thrashed out, while cake, jam, and cookies are consumed in great quantities.

One of the greatest advantages of a small college such as Bowdoin is the opportunity one has of knowing his classmates. In the brief time that I have been here I have learned to know a good majority of the Freshmen, and many of the upperclassmen. This same feeling of democracy and familiarity seems to extend to the professors who are personally acquainted with a great many of their students.

I have thus far found Bowdoin to satisfy and even to exceed all my expectations of college. The short months that I have been here have shown clearly that the coming four years will be the happiest and most profitable of my life.

Sincerely,

JEFFREY CARRE, '36

Here and There with the Alumni

Here is some news we have gathered on a few of those from Needham High, who are now making a place for themselves in business and college life.

Needham is well represented at Katherine Gibbs this year by Marion McNear, Rachel Brownville and Marjorie Weber of the Class of '36, and Pauline Howland and Ginnie Balfour of the Class of '35 . . . Cyno Cutler and Mildred Buerkel have joined Betty Church, Susan Loomis and Betty Griffin at Colby Junior College. The latter three are Seniors this year . . . Brian Abbot, '35, is making a name for himself as cheer leader at Dartmouth . . . Sybil Spear, '35, is making quite a hit at B.U., where she is a member of the freshmen class . . . "Andy" Rosenberger, '36, wandered out to Culver Academy . . . Betty Boyer, '36, returned to Needham on November the second from Mt. Holyoke College, where she is enrolled as a freshman, to receive her Golden Eaglet, which is the highest award in scouting. Her mother presented her with the award and her oldest sister welcomed her into the Needham Council of Golden Eaglets. Betty is very enthusiastic over her college life and she says, "There is no place like it." . . . Ruth McNamara is attending Northfield Seminary . . . Jane Thompson, '36, is enrolled at the Museum of Fine Arts School . . . Bob Sayce is up in Maine at Hebron Academy. He is a member of the band and also belongs to the swimming team.

Several grads have turned to the business world. Ruth Rosenkrans, who started a P.G. course this year, left school to take up work in the Town Treasurer's office of our own Town Hall . . . Caroline Davis, '35, who attended the Chandler School last year, is employed as a student secretary at Babson Institute.



Mr. Small: "No one stepped within her house and smoked for more than 50 years." Quite a long smoke if any one had.

* * * *

Mr. Frost: "Dickert, this isn't a farmer's campaign, but I see you're pitching it."

* * * *

In reading the "Merchant of Venice," Miss Sawyer asked the class, "What does the word *doit* mean?"

A bright Sophomore: "Dirt."

* * * *

Miss Churchill to Joan Willoughby: "Joan, can't you sit down?"

Joan, in a daze: "Where?"

* * * *

Mr. Frost: "We are running this school according to bells."

Ellis: "Yes, dumbbells."

* * * *

If History Really Meant What It Said
"England planted colonies in the New World."

Find x — The yield per bushel.

"Pitt pushed up the Hudson River with 15,000 men."

Probably the brakes were stuck.

"Anson's work bore fruit."

Apples? Pears?

"The country fell into his hands."

Some load to catch.

"The British fleet swept the Seven Seas."

Some broom!

"France caught England napping."

Was that nice?

"Disaster yawned before Germany in 1918."

It couldn't have been as bored as we are.

Bette Brown, '37

They tilt their chins,
They raise their voices,
They lift their eyebrows,
They build up their heels,
They brighten their complexions,
And yet there are many people who say that
modern girls do not devote
Any thought or time to the higher things!

Bette Brown, '37

* * * *

A terrific pounding is heard from below
Math III.

Miss Fessenden: "Don't be alarmed, children; they're probably just making sandwiches in the lunch-room."

* * * *

Chem. Student: ". . . and he said that Needham water is as hard as ——. Well, I wouldn't want to say what he compared it with!"

* * * *

Mr. Frost: "What officers of the House of Representatives are so important that the House can't convene without them?"

Bright pupil: "The janitors!"

* * * *

Mr. Frost (after a lecture): "Say what are we studying this stuff for anyway?"

Alexander: "Oh, don't you know either, Mr. Frost?"

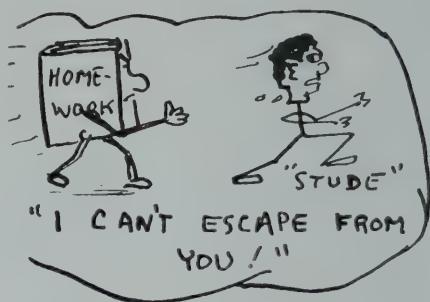
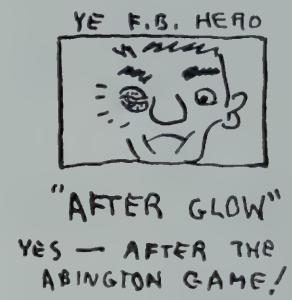
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Jimmy (in English): "Miss Dodge, what's a synonym for moving-stairs?"

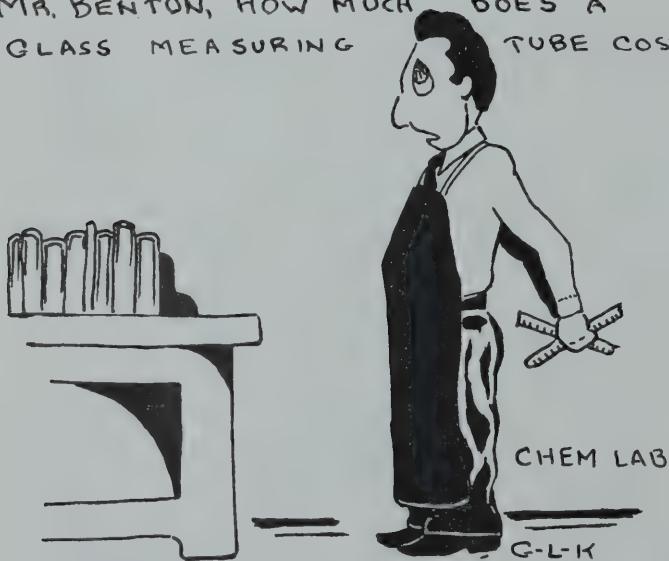
Jack: "Can't you see she's busy? Don't ask her now. Escalator!"



GROSSLY EXAGGERATED IMPRESSION OF THE
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MR. BENTON, HOW MUCH DOES A
GLASS MEASURING TUBE COST?

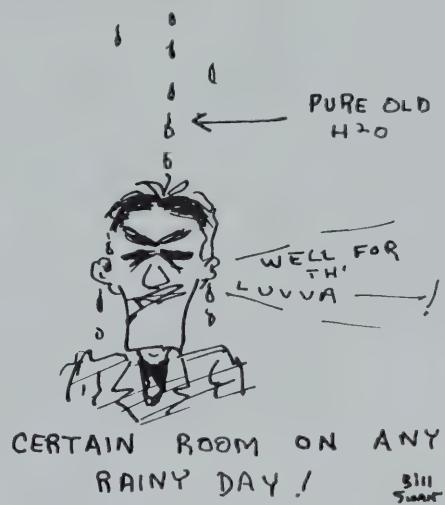


THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

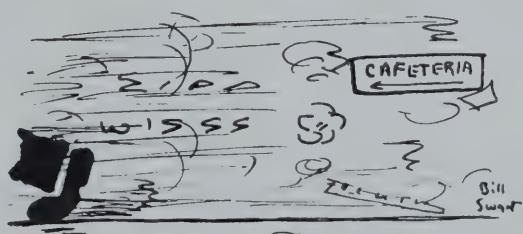
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The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas
And into the house
Crept old Santa Claus
And his friend Mickey Mouse.

They looked at the stockings
All hung in a row.
Ah, there is Sue Oliver's,
A hole in the toe!

"She's too good," said the mousie,
"And yet she's a honey!"
So Santa stuffed in
Indiscretion and money.

The next one is Bernie's
(You can tell by the size.)
Here's alluring French accent
To go with his eyes.

A note — Barbara Cochrane's —
Now what will she choose?
"Dear Santa, please leave me
Some high buttoned shoes."

Here's a gay colored socklet
Of one Dick Murphy
A lecture engagement
Would just suit "His Betty."

Two socks marked I. Foley,
Poor Santa Claus wilts,
As he tries to ram in
A large pair of stilts.

"Connie Rogers," whispers Mousie
"Wants gas in a pail."
"Always stalled," grunted Santa,
"Better give her a sail!"

Bette Brown, '37

* * * *

Mr. Frost: "When a Senator dies, who gets
the job?"

Bright pupil: "The undertaker!"

Teacher (reading about explorers): "Admiral Peary, when in the Arctic, used to eat candles and blubber."

Student: "Well, if I had to eat candles, I'd blubber!"

* * * *

Thermometry

I know nothing of thermometry;
The reason ice is cold,
The thermal units in a log,
Or the melting point of gold.

Fahrenheit means naught to me
And centigrade the same,
Sir Humphry Davy did his bit,
But to me he's just a name.

The boiling points of liquid air
Is one hundred eighty-two,
It's not for me to quarrel with
Or with measure, B.T.U.

And though of reasons I have none,
To one principle I hold;
You can't do justice to yourself
When your hands and feet are cold.

Ruth McKean, '37

* * * *

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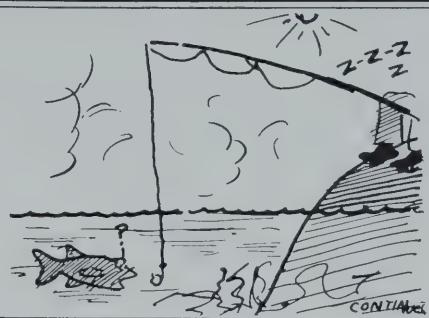
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